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ЖОРЖ ГАНЧЕВ

ЖОРЖ
БЕЗ ТРИМ

ИЗДАТЕЛСКА КЪЩА „ХРИСТО БОТЕВ“
София, 1996

ЖОРДАН ГАНЧЕВ

Художник на корицата
Румен Стамков

Художник на корицата

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ICARUS

When I was young
I used to jump
for fun...
like a kangaroo
walking and talking
to myself.
I felt like Icarus.

Boy,
I WAS Icarus!
(when in my youth
I combed the sea
to find a wife
conceive two daughters
and thought...
there's no more
to be done at home)

I drifted West
(a gnome of
six foot six)
In search of truths
quite scarce
in my land
with soft hands
ITCHING
for the deeds
that twitched
awaitingly
ELSEWHERE.
Then each and...
every sea I flew
looting the footings
of freedom
trying to rise
in haste
and maybe find
the taste
of ME!

I struggled...
and fell!

(to tell you
the truth -
quite safely)

Tried to behave
like Icarus
but couldn't.

(the winds were slow)

Long,
rootless flights
mellowed my wings
and prompted my fall
in the nails
and the call
of accidental vultures.

They always tried
TO PUNCTURE
my stubborn fantasies
and my romantic dreams
so I could ride
in gloom
my self-made balloon
of loneliness.

Yet ,
still I try and try
to catch up
with the traffic
in the sky
with graphically charted
schemes and dreams
of Icarus.

And I'm amazed
I still believe
in long, updated
childhood plans
that even challenging
THE SUN
is possible!

That... long before
I touch the sea
I'll spread my
anxious wings
TO BE!

THE OSCARS OF '79

I won't forget the 'Oscars'
that came into my room
like... social doom
ignored
(and compensated)
by silence.

The TV blazing
from my cupboard
my few belongings
clearly seen
contrasting with...
expensive glitter
and famous nominees.

My roller skates
(a knee still hurts)
old sweaters, books
and worn-out linen
my answering machine
(communicative dream
so... prematurely
canceled)
the earphones
I never used
the gramophone
(so much abused)
the microphone
(I used to sing with)
guitar, typewriter
and in the midst
of this debris
expectant, puzzled
silly ME.

The stars receive
their famous prize
for some...
'good work'
they're told
they've done.
I'm watching
vaguely mesmerized
their...

‘ Island in the sun ‘
deep down...
I know
I am the traveler
that NEEDS to be
alone.
They...
seem to have arrived.
I...
never want a home!

IN THE ATOMIC MORNING

In the year unknown
neutral spot
on the map
‘ modern knights ‘
were arranging
a fight.
And I gather
the prize
might have been
of a size...
so unknown
and unheard
that ... the birth
of the next generations
was threatened.

Both relaxed
(and serene)
they were
‘ testing ‘
the theme
who is right
who is wrong
who is weak
who is strong
who ... is noble
(and best)
for the rest of us
to follow.

Covered up
by 'good-will'
their instinct
to kill
will continue
its vigorous bating.
Yet, if once
understood
BOTH
are 'noble & good'
will that warm
our winter
of waiting?

Here they go
with a smile
to get drunk
for a while
in a world...
hypnotized
by the warning.
Keep them warm
GET them drunk
let...
appraisals
be sung.
All beginnings...
begin
in the morning!

SELFEXILE

These days
I am the 'The Emperor'
of all my conscious
and subconscious
thoughts.
Self-enriched
(self-abused)
confused
ignored
unexplored

unorthodoxly...
motivated
and syncopated.

There's a
continuous war
between
my mind
my will
my dreams
my skill
and the demanding
'End Result'
of Hollywood.

At times
the absence
of 'family'
prompts me to
doubt my efforts
and shout abuse
at my station
(though ...
ELATIONS
are not rare)
So I could write
(and bite more pages)
I've long resigned
the charges of
'The World'.

Hey vulgar-Bulgar
(I'd say)
your choice was right.
Your plight in exile
could not be completed
if you ... (defeated)
WENT HOME!
Don't you ever
surrender
to the pretender
named 'fear'
out to
extinct
the precious gnome
called 'dedication
to make it alone'.

A LETTER TO MYSELF

So... here we are
(old buddy)
still without home
roaming and chewing
our initial bite
the right to be
'our own man'.

Peculiar dreams
like ... laser beams
still haunt us.

Beyond the binds of
'poverty'

now...

controversy
eats artistic calls.

Bald , the suspicion
of strangers

suffocates our life
and only our...

DRIVE

for...

'connection '

with our century

keeps us afloat

awake and astray

fighting away

the perils

of mediocrity.

Shall we leap

to the sky

to dry

our sweaty face

in the lace

of the winds

of discoveries?

Shall we...

GIVE

and forget that

the eve

of our lives

is in open discordance.
To believe
is to be.
To admire
is to see...
what is there
of bigger importance?

Inspiration and care
keep away
from the bare hands
of intruders!
And beware
well-wishers
who never say
‘NO’
to anyone!
After years in battle
ANY
static position
(or submission)
will kill us.

Better
remind the souls
that are
bound to explore
the gore
of traditional
GREED
that we
still spit
and stamp
on it all.
Let us call
all artistic tramps
of this land
to create and expand
holy wars
for quality
in our lives.
Down with...
banalities
and... consumer society
lies!
Keep us on course

with the force
of sensitive beings
to oppose
and resist
what the ‘merchants’
insist
they should make of us.
Even lifetimes
of bleeding
no mercy
(or thanks)
are better than ranks
or seedy positions
amongst creatures
trying to SWALLOW
the few
like me
and you and you
into their
‘deadly alliance’
of a ... lifelong
compliance
with ABSURDITY.

ALICE

Across my door
right on the
second floor
(where...
Mary Pickford
once had stayed)
lives Alice
ninety five
alive and well
dwelling on the idea
of being...
A HUNDRED.

She is the darling
of the block
abhors hiding

mistrusts suspicion
and people say
she never locked
her door to anyone!

„Three sure things
to make you old!“
(she'd say
especially on days
when you've been told
you'll get
either robbed
or strangled.)

„Why don't you
pay attention
to reason?
Crime is increasing! „

(people would
say to her)

„Keep a fine guard !
Be smart, lady!
You'll never know
which bastard
may just come
and do it.“

„Oh, yeah ...?
Then ... screw it!“
(she bubbles
like Ruth Gordon)
„ Since all my life
I fed them chocolates
served them wine
see ... ?
My men and I
have good ol' time
why would they
hurt me
if they're happy?

Now, if a swine
would like to ...
kill me 'for kicks'
he might as well.
Though for this act
(alone)

you shouldn't tell
your children
the well of humanity
has dried up.
No, Sir!"

Overlapped
by daily chores
cruising down
the corridors
Alice is still
truthful
to her silent
movie image.
Her agent
has been dead
for twenty years
but her cheer
about work
hasn't retracted.
Like all actors
over the ages
she would practice
(and expect)
LUCK
to correct itself.
She is certain that
her 'type'
is on the 'come back'
SOON!
(She's no goon
but a ripe lady
whose artistic craft
has matured)

Demure, she'd admit :
„ If a producer
comes and succumbs
to my talents
I should be ready.
There are
so many roles
that I still
want to play!"
(she would say
in her girlish voice)

then she'd lend
postage stamps
Tiffany lamps
sugar & spice
hot advice
and all things
handy
on our second floor
landing.

Alice would
scold you
if you told her
you can't stand
your new neighbor.

„You're a disgrace“
(she'd say
with a ray of
mischief)
„Look at yourself ,
kiddo“
(she'd exclaim
mock -affected)
until a lasting
peace
had been erected
on her behalf.
Then she 'd say
that her vision
of life
may be a notch
out of date
but for her money
it's too late
to change now.

Anyhow,
this winter
as the Godly fair
of Christmas
approached
Alice fell sick.
Weak and transparent
she got up

on the day of
The Savior
walked down
an indifferent
corridor
and right at my door
passed out.

She was carrying
a present.
It was matched
by a card
depicting a star
holding a large
hi-amp guitar
as if God had become
a rock musician.

Neighbors
checking her pulse
blubbered regrets
then someone said
that the last chime
of Alice's time-clock
was perfect.
She lay dead
theatrical and breezy
squeezing a can of
pea-soup
meant to recoup
a boyfrliend
one flight below
who'd been low
with pneumonia.

There were no
filming crews
to record this event
nor alert bureaucrats
to file a compliant
against NATURE .
Only dents
in our hearts
that were digging
like acid
only placid faces

reminded of ...
their own mortality.

Alice sped on her way
making quick peace
with God
far from Hollywood
dreams
and unrealized schemes
sealed and vanished.
She was leaving us
'lonelies'
only a memory.
Her brief
epitaph read:
„Without hope
life will elope
nothingness.
The sublime
DOES EXIST
to resist falsehood.
Far from guns
or big roles
power games
and bank-rolls
THE SUBLIME
in the soul
of the sometimes...
not so strong
looking ones!"

BICYCLE THIEVES

In Bulgaria
when I was young
I had a gang
and... boy
what a gang it was!
BANG
the Allied Forces
made a gift.

Swift
their blow created
abstract landscapes.

(Swiftly)
they tattered us
with bombs
and... catacombs
for playgrounds.
Sweets were
difficult to find
minds were busy
with survival
rivals
we were not
and hot...
it was!

Bomb-crater lakes
we filled
with rafts
then
learned to swim
then...
sailed
(railed with passion
for adventure)

Injured was
every house
and street
the quest for food
was hard
(barred were the
'looting operations'
for youngsters)
Still...
we dug the rubble.
Trouble was there
bare...
and one could
smell it!
Minds...
preoccupied with speed.
„feed your little
tummy, dummy
and find the
air-raid shelter!„

(for ‘Skelters’
came from the sky
too fast...
BLAAAST
two dear friends gone
watching nickelodeons!)

Yep!
A ‘rodeo’
with ‘Western Strength’
we played.
First,
The German
then...
The English toros
leaving
the mark of ‘Zoro’
on us!
(I still wake up
in sweat, wet
and strangely troubled)

A ‘rodeo’
where bodies
(dug & found)
went MARKETBOUND
where...
few could buy
and cry
we didn’t!
(HOPE sustained
our interest)

INCEST
was common!
Brothers
sisters
mothers
uncles
(fathers fought the war)
Tired whores...
were everywhere.
(dare ask them
at your age boy?)

In cages
they would
put you
to suit
a soldier
any way he pleased
while...
grease was dripping
from their hair.)

If I ever dared
ask someone
a favor
our 'savior'
might've...heard me
still!
NIL attention
ever came
from HIM!

Dim was the light
we got
from the 'leader'
of our gang.
(slang
dirt and...
adolescent bristle)

A signal pistol
once he found .
(all shiny!)
„It's harmless“
(he said)

Harnessed we were
in long tirades
of 'greats'
who used more...
'serious stuff '
(fluff were
all these toys)
Boy, did he have
FUN
explaining guns
as 'ultimate possessions'!

(died...
showing a granate
his skill
killed instantly)
I disbelieved
his death
yet dug...
as if I looked
for his remainings.
(Nope!
Cravings of a
different sort
I had...
to find
a toy
a bicycle
at any rate!)

Well...
fate was kind!
(I found one
in an attic)

Ecstatic
I froze over
it's rusty body.
The wheels
the spokes
the saddle
were missing
(one peddle
was still there)

My share of luck
was small
tall was the price
of 'handle bars'
stars in the sky
seemed the missing
'breaks'
aches were cementing
my whole frame
in shame I took my...
first 'defeat'
„Meet it
with guts, boy,

keep searching!
(for often you had
'fun', remember?)
Your thirst to be
'a fencer'
in nineteen forty five
in gunner's paradise
like crazy
'Don Quixote'
breaking
Renaissance ground
most likely
failure bound
(in a ...
computer century) „

„Go get them, boy! „
(my buddies told me)
„A crummy bicycle
assemblage...
no sweat...
it's far too early!„

Burly,
the years
sped away
bicycle searching
every day
turning my
baffled windmills
past forty one.

Yet...
I feel good
(I still repeat)
„life is... about
to swear me in
no more delays
no payment
for sins
soon...
I'll detect my
'Diogenic' key
and let out this...
tortured
invincible
me!

BACK HOME IN '79

Back home now for a while!
(my Anglo-Saxon style stinks)

I'm told I look ... familiar
my points of view ... too linear
my politics ... ridiculous
my courage ... most pernicious!

Old friends are glad to see me
foes... try to belittle me.
(I wonder if they 'll need me
when not so young or glittery!)

Some people I was proud of
seem old, resigned and beat
(sad trading inspiration
for affluent retreats!)

An ethic knight of theatre
Radichkov stood the test
a giant next to puppies
and gnomes of 'second best'

Priced over eighteen million
there's one more 'Spartakiad'
in scope and size resembling
old Homer's ILIAD!

Top world names can be sighted
looking polite and tense.
(here frequently invited
on government expense)

Some folks work very little
(they love to talk & rest)
warm-hearted and ambitious
good humored & possessed.
Sea-coastal expeditions
bring joys that I once knew
naive childhood transitions
bring memories of truth ...

until I crash with Intellectuals!
(bizarre home-spun elite

who never stop complaining
of boredom and defeat.)

I question and provoke them
about ‘creative skies’
they sip strong Russian vodka
gaze at the sun and sigh.

Or ... gape at sexy women
in shapely new blue jeans
and speak of ... ‘Michelin’ tires
beach houses and machines.

They thrive on scorn and envy
submission and disdain
and seem to have forgotten
the Communist refrain.

Asked for their OBLIGATIONS
as a spiritual force
they claim my people’s nature
can never change its course.

I think they’ve lost the purpose
of ‘nineteen forty four’
when many Balkan curses
were buried in the war.

„Hey, drink to Hedonism!”
(a famous writer sings)
„Call Ganchev’s criticisms
Utopian- left- wing!

You talk like Fidel Castro
then come home and rebel!
Surrender fame and passport
you’ll have a tale to tell!

You talk of ART as duty?
Sweet brother go away!
We need more myths and legends
marry Fay Dunnaway!”
From birth I’m destined here
for a deeply revered cause.
God, make my love a spear
and ... guard me from remorse!

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ПРЕДСЕДАТЕЛ НА

**БЪЛГАРСКИЯ
БИЗНЕС
БЛОК**